



**BACK TO SCHOOL
ISSUE!
EASE YOUR WAY
BACK TO CLASS
WITH A HERALD!**

JANUARY 1998



THE INNIS HERALD

The January Issue 1998
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DOUBLE OOPS:

Last month we incorrectly spelled the name of Sunny Thrasher's series of Film Festival articles. Sorry Sunny, this is the second and last time that we screw this up—we promise. Here's the copyright, correctly spelled and all: "Ten Day Junky" © Sunny Thrasher 1997.

Special Thanks to: Linda Enright for helping to distribute the Nov./Dec. Issue of the Innis Herald across campus and to a real Herald trooper, Macy Chan, who called us during the holidays to see if we needed any help. Thanks guys! We love you both.

About the Innis Herald....

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The paper is published at the beginning of each month by Centra Web Reproductions. *The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We love to receive letters both praising and criticizing the issue in general, or any specific articles contained within the paper.* We reserve the right to edit any submissions containing sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous or just plain dumb content, in consultation with the author. All writing and artwork must be accompanied by the author's real name and telephone number. Upon request, however, articles may be published under a pseudonym. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald are attributable only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of the Innis Herald, its staff, or Innis College. Please deliver or mail submissions and letters to the Editor to room 305 (west wing) at Innis College, or leave them in the Innis Herald Mailbox in room 127 at Innis College, or e-mail them to cass.enright@utoronto.ca. We are located at 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto ON, M5S 1J5. Our office phone number is 978-4748, or you can fax us at "attention Innis Herald" 978-5503.

Is your New Year's resolution to write for the Innis Herald?

If so, come to the years' first general meeting:
Thursday, January 8th,
5pm (new time!) in the Herald office (on the 3rd floor of the old building of Innis College, above the Innis Café)

New and returning writers welcome!!

Letter to the Editor - "Luke and the ICSS Dust Up"

Eds. note: On account of space restrictions, we have decided not to publish our editorials this issue. Instead, we are happy to give you our first Letter to the Editor of 1998, one of the many responses we have received, both verbally and in writing, about last issue's coverage of the 1997/98 Budget controversy.

Dear Editors,

I see that Luke Sneyd [CINSSU Executive] has been boosting circulation of the Innis Herald through email with his protests against recent policies of the ICSS. I just want to add to the chorus. The ICSS Government members seem, as student politicians seem to do often, to be replicating in miniature the tendencies of the big government a few blocks away: capriciousness, centralizing power/money, shattering local traditions, destroying community life. Their excuses are familiar, too, based on the false logic of numbers. In this case, the number of students enrolled in Innis academic programs has been used to cut student union program funding. It is hard to communicate to anyone who has not seen it just how hard it is to keep student unions going, to keep them vital and active. It requires enormous free labour on the part of those students involved, like Luke himself. Such efforts should be encouraged, especially by student governments who'd think would recognize that program student unions really extend their own activities through this free work, which the ICSS could not undertake since they are so busy with their own important business. Will the ICSS be able to do more for Innis students with the money they are cutting back from those who are already adding so much to the life of the College? I doubt it somehow since the larger part of the equation is time and energy to do the free work of organizing things and making them go. The smaller part is money, but it is necessary, in fact indispensable. I think the ICSS is making a bad "anti-investment" and damaging the student union programs' ability to do things that the ICSS does not have the bodies to do in any case. Meanwhile, those who have been doing things both good and popular —

and the film students have an amazingly large audience for the high-quality film screenings they run — are being crippled in being able to continue their activities. This is not the way Innis College is supposed to operate, and has traditionally operated. In the future, when spokespersons for the College, like the Principal, tell audiences (or write brochures) about Innis's commitments to a non-hierarchical community, to equality and to the efforts of all in the life of the College, the members of the program student unions will hereafter hear and read the fine words through the serious new student-government qualification: "the preceding applies only to those registered at Innis, and the rest of you should go back to where you came from, like New College or Victoria...or wherever." I would suggest that the ICSS reconsider their current policies and the damage they are causing to the spirit of the College. Or, perhaps the ICSS should consider moving their executives to an office somewhere in the 905 belt where their tendencies might fit in better and the ICSS Government members won't have to be distracted by the actual College life around them, since they will then rule from afar in fact instead of fantasy, as they are currently doing.

Bart Testa
Teaching Staff/Cinema Studies

Eds. note: The Innis student unions and the Innis College Students Society are scheduled to begin meetings in January to attempt to reconcile their differences and devise a mutually satisfactory strategy to avoid these problems in the future.

Get Your Tickets Soon!

INNIS COLLEGE NEWS

She Spoke Too Soon: Bike Theft on Campus

Alexi Manis

The first time my bike was stolen on campus was depressing. It was a stellar deal from the Price Club—a deep army green with great traction. All summer I raced down St. George on my "G.I. Joe" beside my friend on her fuschia "Barbie-Bike". I took care of it, and always locked the front wheel and frame to the city posts. Except for once. My new bike was a shiny purple Raleigh Matterhorn. A day after I got it, I was stopped and charged for not having "red reflector tape on your rear stais" (?) I then spent more than I did on my bike to properly deck it out. I even bought two pricey U-locks and used them both every time. Nevertheless, one miserable night after a Free Friday film, I stepped outside Innis College to find my "Grape Escape" was gone.

I remember several people telling me that they had had three or four bikes stolen. I used to think that there was something desperately wrong with them. But now I'm convinced that NOTHING you do to secure your bike from theft really works. It's like U of T bike patrol policeman Steve Forbes says, "If you want to ensure your bike isn't stolen, don't ride it to school."

There are, however, preventative tips and helpful programs offered by the U of T Police (who invite you to visit them anytime, even at three am, at SBI Spadina). You can register your bike with them, which they say is both a good deterrent for thieves and a

help for recovering bikes stolen on campus. This term they are beginning to use official stickers that go on all registered bikes to warn thieves that the cops are watching.

Steve and his comrades suggest using U-locks or hardened steel chains and wires with padlocks, and locking both wheels and the frame to the city bike locks. Steve showed me a supposedly strong wire and steel lock that was easily sliced to reveal nothing but woven dental floss and soft aluminum. Even the strongest U-locks can be cranked open with crowbars or frozen with liquid nitrogen and shattered with a hammer. The best that good locks do is slow the thieves work.

As I painfully rehashed my story with Steve, a couple of other constables came out of the office to offer their sympathy. I slumped and said "I guess it happens a lot." But they quickly assured me that the U of T campus is no longer the bike theft capital of the continent. The number of bike thefts on campus has actually dropped by fifty percent since the implementation of the bike patrol squad. Here's hoping it gets even better this new year. If you cycle-past one of the officers, ring your bell for support! (And if you don't have a bell, you could be charged \$90.00 under the Highway Traffic Act.)

It's a Brand New Year! Da Social Report

Jed Dadson and Chris Lam

Once again, it's time for another update on the social situation at Innis College. 1997 was great: an amazing Frosh Week, Movie Night, Oktoberfest, and Hallowe'en were enjoyed by all. But that was then ...

1998 sees the arrival of - you guessed it - THE FORMAL!!! This event to beat all events is going to be held on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1998 (So get out your U of T day planners, and, well, WRITE IT DOWN!!) Trust us; YOU DO NOT WANT TO MISS THIS EVENT, BY ANY MEANS!!!! Get your essays, lab reports, and whatever else you have to do DONE before this date, because it's going to be one fun ride.

As for location, yes, that can be disclosed as well. This year's formal will be held at the ARCADIAN COURT. This absolutely glamorous ballroom is located on (as far as memory serves us), the eighth floor of the SIMPSON TOWER, at the SOUTHEAST CORNER OF QUEEN AND BAY STREETS, TORONTO. Upon entering the doors of the Simpson Tower, take the elevators located on your left (THERE IS ACTUALLY A BUTTON THAT SAYS "ARCADIAN COURT"). Upon reaching the eighth floor, turn to your right and VOILA!

We will have a whole bunch of posters, info, ticket prices, the menu, other services, and of course, TICKETS available for you during the first week back to school. The ticket price should be around the area of \$32-35, so save your Christmas money, and come and join us at the ARCADIAN COURT.

For more information, please contact Chris or myself, or better yet come visit us at the ICSS office (we promise we won't bite ... if you don't). The office number is (416) 978-0840, so even if you can't visit us, give us a call, and we'll hook you up. It's only just more than a month away. And remember: A Formal is terrible thing to waste.

Goodbye for now,

Your Friendly Neighbourhood Social Coordinators

Free Friday Films continue !!!

CINSSU in conjunction with SAC present Free Friday Films (FFF), every Friday at 7 pm, Innis College Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue.

January 9 — Hard Core Logo

Bruce McDonald, 1996

January 16 — Canada Dances

Moving Pictures presents a series of experimental shorts in collaboration with independent dance artists.

January 23 — Un zoo la nuit

Jean-Claude Lauzon, 1987

January 30 — Outrageous!

Richard Benner, 1977

February 6 — The Decline of the American Empire

Denrys Arcand, 1986

February 13 — Kissed

Lynne Stopkewich, 1996

February 27 — When We Were Kings

Leon Gast, 1996

March 6 — Fire

Deepa Mehta, 1996

March 13 — Carte Blanche

A notable local industry figure presents a film of his or her choice.

March 20 — Hamlet

Kenneth Branagh, 1996

March 27 — The Sweet Hereafter

Atom Egoyan, 1997

April 3 — Lost Highway

David Lynch, 1996

Personal Visions in Film

CINSSU presents a series of avant-garde and experimental films, with featured appearances by several artists. Screenings begin at 9 pm in Innis College Town Hall on the first Monday of each month from October to April. Admission is free.

February 2 — Hart of London

Hart of London, Jack Chambers (80 min)

March 2 — Autobiography in Film

Nostalgia, Hollis Frampton (36 min)

Wide Angle Saxon, Owen Land (22 min)

Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania, Jonas Mekas (B2 min) or

Quick Billy, Bruce Baillie (54 min)

Also in March (date TBA) — Phil Solomon Presents

We welcome filmmaker and Colorado University Instructor Phil Solomon to present a selection of his work. Thanks to Cinematheque Ontario/AGO.

April 6 — Films By Local Artists

An evening open to the work of local experimental filmmakers.

The SPARTAN Life: The Origin of Innis' Team Name

Nick Loberto (Innis/73)

63A St. George Circa 1972 B.C.C. (Before Condom Continuum)

It was the best of times (parties with free beer and a grass-smoking room in the basement), it was the worst of times (the only washroom in the building was Co-ed with a PEOPLE sign on the door! Oh the pressure to perform!). During this time, however, there was not a single (or married) Spartan to be found at Innis. This was because there was no name associated with the athletic teams (We were "nameless" but not "aimless"). Then, in Greek comedy fashion, a name was thrust upon us.

Being in charge of the men's Innis I basketball team, I worked out a financial compromise with Athletic Director and legendary Innissian (?) [Editor's note: In today's postmodern age, we prefer the term "Innisiote"] Mike "Fuzz" Friend. The college and the players would each provide one half of the money for the jerseys and, at the end of the season, the players would keep the jerseys.

An order was placed with an athletic wear company for twelve white jerseys with INNIS, in "Spartan" printing, on the front, and numbers on the front and back. Several weeks later, the jerseys arrived with "INNIS SPARTANS" on the front. The company was very gracious when informed of their error and the jerseys were replaced. We offered to purchase the INNIS SPARTAN jerseys for half price so that the Innis II basketball team could use them (they played like ancient Greeks anyway).

According to legend, the name persists to this very day, and the modern Spartans should consider themselves fortunate because that company also had other lettering styles to choose from ... Roman, Italic, Egyptian, Antique, Stick, Gothic, etc.

**REMEMBER -
THE INNIS FORMAL IS ALWAYS
THE BIGGEST PARTY OF THE YEAR
GET YOUR TICKETS SOON!**

MUSIC REVIEWS

Lisa Loeb, *Firecracker* (Geffen)

W.N. O'Higgins

Lisa Loeb's new offering is more of the same as her last, 1994's *Tails*, but without the "Nine Stories". It is mostly light, gentle music with quirky turns of phrase and an interesting narrative line. The single, "I Do" is about the only upbeat song on the disc, and it seems, as it was the last song written (more about how I know this later) as though it were written on the advice of someone at Geffen Records, pointing at the "must include a single" item of her contract, rather than from some kind of inspired creation. Also continued is Lisa's tendency toward monosyllabic song titles, this time with such gems as "How", "Jake" and "This". Still, the lyrics are intelligent and interesting, sometimes insightful, and the music is pleasant and elegant.

An odd feature of writing music reviews is the artist bio. This is a way that the record company tells the writers enough meaningless facts about the artist so that they don't get quite so many calls asking for more information. As a concept, this is all well and good. Sometimes, this bio can be used to get the songs some airplay, such as in Jewel's case, where her bio was terribly romantic and made all the male writers and station managers write reviews or play her songs. Lisa Loeb seems to have decided that she could do with a bit of extra help (after mediocre sales on *Tails*, no doubt) and so she wrote her own bio. She states that the bio her label wrote was boring. Hers is little better. Lisa Loeb has not led a particularly fascinating life. She played music. A lot. Ethan Hawke heard "Stay", put it on the soundtrack (via Ben Stiller) for *Reality Bites*. It hit number 1. That's all there is to it, really. There are details about her early music career, but mostly I think it has to do with her trying to sell off a mountain of tapes that no one bought... There is a sad moment in her bio, but it has to do with singing with someone from Buffalo Tom, and it's more embarrassing than sad, really. The bio does not tell you anything you really want to know, like how old she is, does she have a boyfriend or her home phone number. There is a very good reason why artist bios do not appear in the discs that we buy. They don't sell records unless they're about prison, suffering, loss and scandalous sex. In other words, fiction.

Then again, if you liked the first Lisa Loeb album, you'll probably buy this one, and some new people might hear the single, and they'll buy the album, and Lisa'll probably make enough money to keep writing songs for a living and pay off my student loan. But she'll probably just keep writing songs. They are nice songs, easy to listen to, and they make you feel good without making anyone else feel bad, which is nice. One more thing. The disc is predominantly pink, so caveat emptor.



Hours and Hours of Fun With... 29 Pictures

W.N. O'Higgins

It's hard to know what to say when trying to write an informative, intelligent music review. Phrases like "Wow!" and "Great Tune!" don't seem to be valid in the reviewing game, and for good reason. These phrases are not very descriptive except in the most general way, and though they recommend the music, they provide little else. The problem with really great popular music, and thus with this debut offering from 29 Pictures, is that it's hard to nail down why it's good.

One aspect of this disc that is not hard to nail down is the musical excellence. These songs all sound very clean, and are deceptively simple. The more closely you listen, the more you discover that the simplicity is the careful blending of multiple tracks into a seamless whole. This is an album that rewards close attention, from the delightfully different harmonies of "Crazy" to the Robert Frost poem in "Drive".

The lyrics are also deceptive. They sound unobtrusive, but they have a habit of haunting the listener and exerting unexpected emotional muscle. Like all good pop music, these are songs that you can identify with, and they are at their best when the listener brings something to the listening, but the writing is solid enough to stand alone.

29 Pictures has mastered the art of writing the catchy, interesting pop song that grows on you, even to the point of irony, as with "Generic". More than once since I received my pre-release press copy, I have found myself singing these songs days after hearing them. Keep an eye out this New Year for the release of *Hours and Hours of Fun With... 29 Pictures*.

A3, *Exile On Coldharbour Lane*, (Elemental/Geffen)

Ed McLaughlin

Smokey intro, thumping beats on track one "Converted", gets yer feet a-tappin', and keeps them that way for the length of this double CD from Brixtons A3. This Acid House Gospel music made me want to run to the nearest church, get down on my knees, and praise the Lord. I'm not kidding. To paraphrase Jesus, "Upon this House I will rock my church".

This CD was described to me as redneck Techno, but it's much more than that. Maybe they are mostly white, very hairy, have tattoos galore, and look like they live in a trailer park, but they are also smart, cheeky, funky, and fun. They sing of the glory of God, the goodness of Socialism, and the beauty of beer! These guys obviously don't take themselves too seriously but their message is totally cool. Love God, love each other, drink, dance, and party. Can you dig it? Maybe A3 are just a bunch of burnt out beer nuts. Maybe they are just partying their way to Armageddon. Who knows? Maybe they are right. You can find out more about them at www.elemental.music.co.uk/alabama3.

Black Lab, *Your Body Above Me* (Geffen)

Kelly Armstrong

Ever heard of Black Lab? No, not the dog, the band. I hadn't either until the name caught my eye, or should I say ear, one night on the radio. My first impression was not a great one. I thought the song was rather depressing and desolate, but nevertheless, I decided to



give the band a second try. I'm glad I did. The debut album from this California-based band came out on October 21st of this year and I'm surprised I didn't hear of them sooner! Led by Paul Durham, the quartet (whose guitarist is from Canada — Woo Hoo!) has managed to create an incredibly introspective album that doesn't make you want to lay down and die. In 1995 Durham fired his self-named band in search of a new sound. This Idaho native, who abandoned the study of physics for philosophy, started playing folk music after dislocating his shoulder while skateboarding (ouch). However, *Your Body Above Me* is certainly no Bob Dylan album. Instead, it has a familiar sound, something like a combination of The Verve and The Devlins, with a bit of a kick and a definite British feel. Durham's songs tell of relationships and healing, most of them drawn from his own experiences, such as "Time ago," giving them a particularly personal edge. With the sincerity of this album, you can rant about the injustices of life with "Can't keep the rain" or contemplate the past with the relaxing effect of "Gates of the country." And maybe think: what does Black Lab really mean?

Space Monkeys, *The Daddy Of Them All* (Interscope)

Kelly Armstrong

To sum up the Space Monkeys in four words is easy: they sound like Oasis ... but better. Okay, so I'm not a huge Oasis fan. Frankly I'm getting sick of all the grainy Liam-esque vocals, and this album is a little too close for comfort. According to the band, who coincidentally come from Manchester, their music is "a stew of chemical beats, fucked up guitars, Wu Tang Clan attitude, and Dylan-esque lyrics." I guess you could say that — I say, don't take yourselves so seriously. Alright, enough negativity. Obviously, this album is great if you like Oasis. However, if you're Oasis-immersed, you'll probably hate the daddy of them all because of the similar sound. The album also has a lot more fun to offer! The music is more "house-based" than Oasis, with funky guitar and clever lyrics. Hey, if you really spell it up, you'd be at a rave! "Sugar Cane," their latest single, is by far their most fun song — sounding a little like Sugar Ray and the Chemical Brothers in a blender. "We are the supercool" is another great track. Sing along and you and your friends can be the supercool too! If you haven't really heard much about this band, don't worry. The Space Monkeys were virtually unheard of until November of 1995. Three weeks after playing their first gig, they signed a six album deal. Talk about lucky! One more thing: these guys love to sing about butterflies. Oh yeah, and to their credit, I don't think they like Oasis much either.

The Money-Makers

The year-end stats are in for the highest-grossing tours of 1997 — but don't expect to see Lollapalooza, Lilith Fair, or any other big package tour on this list. However, rock acts do dominate the Top 10 with five tours total, compared to three pop tours and two country bills.

The figures are based on a reporting period from Performance magazine's Jan. 10 through Dec. 26 issues.

Performance Magazine's 1997 Top 10 Grossing Acts in North America:

1. Rolling Stones: 33 of 33 played dates; attendance: 1,511,954; gross: \$89,533,039
2. U2: 44 of 44 played dates; attendance, 1,565,323; gross: \$77,749,004
3. Metallica: 82 completed dates; attendance: 1,172,028; gross: \$36,650,340
4. Fleetwood Mac: 44 completed dates; attendance: 759,575; gross: \$36,183,780
5. Reba McEntire/Brooks & Dunn: 69 completed dates; attendance: 835,052; gross: \$33,466,804
6. Garth Brooks: 109 completed dates; attendance: 1,440,189; gross: \$26,309,165
7. Tina Turner: 68 completed dates; attendance: 800,785; gross: \$24,166,594
8. Jimmy Buffett: 34 of 38 played dates; attendance: 678,228; gross: \$20,898,769
9. Phish: 43 of 49 played dates; attendance: 779,523; gross: \$20,297,066
10. Kenny G/Toni Braxton: 54 completed dates; attendance: 463,177; gross: \$18,965,302

Curve, Chinese Burn EP (Universal)



the "old Curve" showed off Toni Halliday's cool vocal styles, the aggressive remixes tend to lose her voice (which I considered to be Curve's major source of appeal). Instead of the richly layered guitar driven distortion of old, Curve shows off with healthy leathery beats. An energetic spin to their music.

The eight track EP clocks in at over 48 minutes. Tracks 1 through 6 are remixes of the title song, "Chinese Burn". They are followed by "Robbing Charity" and "Come Clean". At the first listen, each mix is a distinct and unique variation on a theme. However, listening to the EP many times over for the purposes of this review, I found the title riff to get a little repetitive. But I guess that's the point of a remix EP. The remixes bear the signature of contributing artists such as Flood, Headcase, Medipac and Lunatic Calm. The two songs which follow the remixes are also catchy, and go with the general feel of the preceding tracks. Each track would be able to stand on its own, a tribute to what you can do with a riff, a voice and some beats.

I look forward to next year when the release of Curve's third full album, *Come Clean*, will show if a new direction of sound is again undertaken. But for the time being, *Chinese Burn* will remain in my "getting-ready-to-go-out-and-dance" category of CDs. It best belongs in a 5-Disc Carousel on random rotation with the complimentary sounds of Prodigy and the Chemical Brothers. I would recommend this EP as a good collection of tracks but would caution against listening to it from beginning to end in one sitting. Otherwise, dance and enjoy the music!

Jing

What is a Chinese Burn? I hope it's not what this review turns out to be, because I found this long-awaited EP from CURVE to have its merits. Curve's last release was *Cuckoo* in 1993 and since then, Curve has obviously reformulated their sound to meld with the current electronic influences. Whereas

Keep Yer Eyes Peeled!

Schedules have been changing at lightning speed. No major mainstream names on the menu, but it's certainly going to be a damned good two months for Blues and Jazz! Regardless of what you're into, there's just gotta' be something to suit your tastes. Enjoy! Oh wait... rumor has it a new Cure disc will be available some time in February. Now you may continue.

January 13
Gooch - *A Lot On It*

January 20
Bruce Coburn - *You Pay Your Money and You Take Your Chance*
- Bruce Coburn: Live - The Charity of Night Noir EP
Various Artists - Bulworth Soundtrack (Including Cypress Hill, Public Enemy, Sir Mix-A-Lot and others)
Various Artists - Half Baked Soundtrack (Including Ticky, Goldfinger, and tentatively Sublime, Smash Mouth and Luscious Jackson)
Various Artists - Pure Energy Volume 5
John Lee Hooker - *The Complete Chess Masters* (A Re-release of his 1950s Blues classics)

January 27
Various Artists - *Blues Brothers 2000 Soundtracks* (Includes The Blues Brothers Band, Jonny Lang, Blues Traveller, Aretha Franklin, Erykah Badu and a supergroup featuring The Stones, Eric Clapton, B.B. King, Bo Diddley and others)
Two Of A Kind - Two Of A Kind
Aaron Carter - Aaron Carter (The 10 year old brother of a Backstreet Boy!! Don't even bother trying to get copies of this one. I already bought ALL OF THEM!! Yippee!!)

February 3
Various Artists - *Live at Small's* (Some of the under-appreciated talents of contemporary Jazz)

February 10
Ol' Skool - Ol' Skool (For how many months now have they been pushing this one back?)

February 17
Marcus Miller - *Marcus Miller Live*

February 24
Black Grape - *Stupid Stupid Stupid*
Killah Priest - *Heavy Mental* (You may remember him from such bands as The Wu-Tang Clan, The Gravediggaz, GZA and Ol' Dirty Bastard)

Transister, Self Titled (Interscope)

Jenny Ellison

This album isn't really bad, but it isn't really good, it has some potential and is otherwise pop-radio worthy and accessible. Transister isn't really a Brit-pop band (they're American/English & Scottish) but they sound that way. They have a distorted guitar-ish background sound with a sweet-voiced British woman on vocals. Their strength is definitely the guitar, feedback, vinyl background noise and not the actual lyrics. In all but one song, the lyrics are accusatory and basically the same: "You change your sex, you do this, that, and everything that pisses me off and makes me vengeful and brit-poppy" type lyrics. However, in the background of some of this are trombones and flugel horns. Such duplicity!

Also, I can't entirely complain about the abundance of revenge songs on this album, because really, there is something for every vengeful mood. "Look who's perfect now" is the "you suck and I rock now" song, "Weather boy" is the "you're a poser chameleon" song, "I walked away" is the Irene Cara "What a feeling I dumped you - with feedback" song and "Head" is the "I am planning in my head to make dynamite in my back shed and knock you off" song. You get the picture. Anyway the album is so-so, would make good background noise at a party and even has a few Dance Cave worthy numbers - "Dizzy Moon" and "Flow". The musicianship, mixing and feedback is cool, but the lyrics do get a little stagnate. Overall, I give them the "has potential to get played on 102.1 a lot" review. Take that what you will.

Blue Peter, All Through The Night/Greatest Hits (Universal Music)

Ed McLaughlin

A Blue Peter is a flag displayed by a ship that is about to leave port, and that's a sort of fitting name for a band that put out a couple of albums (almost 15 years ago), then sailed off into oblivion. Maybe they should have called themselves Jolly Roger considering how much they seem to have pirated from others. "Dont Walk Past" sounds way too much like Brian Ferry and Roxy Music. That's not a bad thing but it's not very original either. They definitely come across as a wannabe English Art Rock band and this could easily have them labelled as pretentious poseurs. Whatever their stylistic problems were their fans didn't seem to care, and they developed a fairly large following, probably due to their decent musicianship. A good rhythm section, nice keyboards and guitar. Singer Paul Humphrey's voice is OK but like the rest of the band, it's just OK. Unless these guys are having their midlife crises simultaneously, there doesn't seem to be any reason for this "Best Of" collection, other than a nostalgic ego trip for some aging has-beens. That was then and this is now, let's get on with it, eh lads?



Rakim, The 18th Letter, (Universal Records)

Dan Zachariah

It's been five years since Rakim came out with his last album and many in the hip-hop industry were beginning to wonder if we would ever hear from him again. As a comeback album, however, *The 18th Letter* is a disappointment. We have come to expect more from someone who revolutionized rap music in the mid to late 1980's. His complex, interwoven lyrical style was one of the reasons Source magazine readers named Rakim the greatest MC in hip-hop history. The innovations he brought to this music were accompanied by a candid persona and deadpan delivery that endeared him to so many aspiring street poets. Perhaps this daunting legacy is responsible in some part for the letdown of *The 18th Letter*; ever since he arrived on the scene, his style has been copied and borrowed so many times that we tend to take his innovations for granted.

The first five tracks comprise a mixture of self-analytical verbal interludes and simple grooves. Things improve with the eighth track, "Guess who's back" which boldly announces the return of a legend to the hip-hop circuit. The hard-hitting rhythms and smooth verses are a pleasant treat. Like many of today's hip-hop stars, Rakim fuses together various black styles of music like jazz and soul. Unfortunately, none of these tracks, like "Show me Love" and "When I'm Flown", achieve the musical unity and power that set him apart from his rivals back in the eighties. Aside from a few minor refinements, there is little consolation for Rakim fans who expected a major artistic breakthrough. On the other hand, even Rakim's mediocre material (and aside from this album, there is very little to speak of) is better than most of the mainstream rap that has been flooding the market for years, so perhaps you should get the album and make up your own mind.



My Beer Pilgrimage to Montreal

Cass Enright

After months of hoping, I was finally able to arrange a beer pilgrimage to Montreal in early December. Quebec has a tremendous brewing culture, and it is unfortunate that so few of Quebec's microbrews are distributed in Ontario. While Montreal is a depressing city, economically, with "à louer" (for rent) signs everywhere, the microbrewery industry is thriving. Montreal and its surrounding area have many quality brewpubs and microbreweries, each providing the city with great beer. Travelling to Montreal reinforces my nationalistic beliefs, hoping that I will be able to continue referring to Quebec's great beer as "Canadian".

Montreal has a number of quality brewpubs, each experimenting with various styles of beer. There is a pamphlet readily available for tourists, "The Montreal Beer Pub Crawl", describing the downtown brewpubs: Le Cheval Blanc (809 rue Ontario Est), L'Amière à Boire (2049 rue St-Denis), Le Sergent Recruteur (4650 boul. St-Laurent), La Cervoise (4457 boul. St-Laurent) and Brutopia (1219 rue Crescent). I was able to visit two, Le Cheval Blanc and Brutopia. Le Cheval Blanc is probably the most famous and definitely the oldest (it has been around since 1924 and was granted the first craft brewing permit in Montreal). The pub retains its decor from the 40s, with a diner-style atmosphere (however, be warned: it is not a diner, they only serve nachos and European-style hot dogs). The brewpub was so popular it has spawned an actual brewery of the same name to brew and bottle beers, which are available at the bar. The brewpub had a number of house brew taps, including a stout, an amber, a blonde and a blonde. The beers were quite tasty and fresh.

The second brewpub I visited was Brutopia, in the heart of Montreal's Crescent St. bar district. Brutopia is Montreal's newest brewpub, and taps a number of house brews (with English ale tendencies) along with a selection of Quebec micro beers. I sampled a very bitter IPA and a smooth honey lager. They also have a porter, a nut brown ale and seasonal brews. Brutopia has not attracted much of the Crescent crowd, but hopefully it will thrive in the future. It is a nice bar with a lot of potential for great beer drinking in Montreal.



Le Cheval Blanc - don't go before 3pm or expect menus - only dogs & nachos!

Another attraction of Quebec is their beer stores. Not only can wonderful Quebec microbrews and brewery memorabilia be purchased in corner stores, but the province's version of our LCBO, the Société des alcools du Québec (SAQ) is more dedicated to offering quality international beers than the LCBO. The SAQ recently opened a beer-only store on the boutique strip of rue St-Denis, and it is incredible. The store offers a great selection of international beer glassware, and an unbelievable selection of international and Quebec beer. The largest selection was from Belgium, to which many Quebec microbreweries owe their inspiration. They stock all Belgian styles, including lambics (cassis, kriek, framboise, geuze, faro), Trappist ales (Chimay, Orval), white beers, flavoured beers (chocolate, mango), and many other sub-forms. There are sections dedicated to German, French, British, Irish and other national beers. There is also an impressive Quebecoise section, featuring SAQ-only provincial beers such as Unibroue's 1837 and Brasserie Monde's La Terre Promise. The SAQ Bières store is beautiful, both aesthetically and beer-wise. I did not want to leave, but departed in search of a place to begin consumption of the box of various bottles I had purchased.

Toronto is a thriving, booming metropolis with almost daily migration of Quebec residents and businesses. Montreal is on the decline, a dwindling town barely resembling the exciting city with international flair that it was two decades ago. However, Montrealers are correct in labelling Toronto "the city that sleeps." The Québécois attitude continues to be strong, and this is demonstrated through their appreciation of fine things and good life. Quebec brews better beer than Ontario, and Montreal is dedicated to the appreciation and enjoyment of great beer, which is something that Toronto will never be able to take from Montreal.

Far a taste of Quebec right here in Toronto, some of Quebec's finest are available in Beer Stores or LCBOs: Unibroue's Belgian styled Maudite, Blanche de Chambly, La Fin du Monde and Raftman; Brasserie McAslan's thick St. Ambroise Oatmeal Stout; and Brasserie Seigneuriale's great Belgian ale simply named Seigneuriale. Otherwise find a car and drive to Montréal at Hull and pick up some malty delights.

The Unibroue Brewery: Beautiful Beer, Ugly Building



The brewery itself - nice station wagon!

town does have a historical fort which attracts tourists in the summertime, but in the winter there is not much to do in Chambly. After receiving directions from a helpful local, we arrived at the brewery, which is at the end of a street off the main roads, invoking reminiscence of driving down Atlantic Ave. to the Upper Canada brewery. The building itself is a very modern factory. Unfortunately the brewery is not designed for tourists or visitors. We entered the front door, encountering a standard office with cubicle walls and fluorescent lights. There was no hop aroma in the air or grains on the floor. We spoke to a receptionist, asking if there was a brewery store. She told us there was not one. I asked if they provided brewery tours. Only for groups of 40 to 50, she responded. I became distressed. I have loved this brewery so much and I finally visit and there is nothing to see. However, she does ask us if there is anything we came to purchase. I suppose since their beer and collectibles are all available in Quebec Depanneur if you look hard enough, a brewery store is unnecessary. We did visit the brewery, however, with the hope of buying a set of their custom logo glassware, unavailable in Ontario by the provincial importer nor shipped by the brewery. I inquired once, and the representative I spoke to invited me to visit and pick up some if I ever was in Chambly. I was, and I wished a set. The receptionist made a call, and another employee came to the office



The Unibroue flags enticing motorists



The future site of Unibroue's beer interpretation centre, "1887"

area and led us off to their display room. Unfortunately I have no pictures of this room, but this room contained a wall of their glassware, display cases of their gift sets, and windows looking into the brewery and bottling line and tasting room. This was a nice room. I wanted everything I saw, especially entry into the tasting room, where there were pitchers filled with Unibroue beers no doubt being enjoyed by some very lucky employees. A number of trips were made into back rooms and we had our complete glassware sets, including a few promotional cardboard posters as well. We paid up and left, satisfied with our trip to the brewery. Besides, the brewery and bottling line were immaculately clean, and we were probably too filthy for a tour, and I never saw a tasting bar anyway.

Unibroue is doing what it can to enhance the town of Chambly: they are building a "beer interpretation centre" adjacent to Fort Chambly, about five minutes from the brewery. It was under construction when I visited, but the pub looks great, a two-level structure that will doubtlessly attract masses of beer connoisseurs to the town. When this centre opens, Chambly will be a must for any beer enjoyment excursion to the Montreal area.

Canadian Brew News

- Unibroue's wonderful winter cherry ale Queule Chose has been confirmed to be arriving at local LCBO Vintages outlets on Saturday, January 17th. The black and gold foil wrapped 750ml. bottles will be sold for \$6.95 each, and will go FAST!
- Since Brick has been so busy purchasing breweries, they have refocused their beer lineup somewhat and ceased some brews, including Connors Stout and Formosa Bavarian Bock. Luckily, tasty Connors Best Bitter and Brick Anniversary Bock made the cut.
- The Beer Bar at 40 Eglinton Ave. E houses Toronto's best winter seasonal tap selection, including Niagara Falls' Elsbock and Scotch Ale, Creemore Springs' urBock, Amsterdam's Kerstenis Bier, Upper Canada's True Bock and Hart's Festive Brown Ale. Go and grab a few pints before they are gone, just don't join the Beer Bar Club - it's not worth it.

Creations invention, whimsy and art

Lagniappe

story

I can feel the heat of her nose against the side of mine. My eyes are shut, the darkness of the basement room complete. We aren't kissing. We aren't even going out. Haven't been for about a week. We're just sharing the warmth and comfort of her bed, for old time's sake. I've missed her, she's missed me, that's all.

I want to kiss her. I want to have sex with her, something I didn't want to do. Part of it is the heat of her body next to mine, the fact that her face gets inexorably closer to mine, the fact that I am beginning to sweat. Part of it I'm not proud of, but I want her on my list. We went out for a couple weeks, and we never did. It seemed a good idea at the time.

Her lips brush mine, or mine hers. I'll never know. The soft, toothpaste warmth of her tongue against mine as we move together almost holds my whole attention, but the feel of her body against mine, her feet pressing into the tops of mine as her breath hisses hotly across my cheek, these are added to my ruddy, contracting thoughts. I feel her nicotine yellowed fingers, nails bitten short, bite into the muscles of my lower back as I renew the kiss and press her to me.

Those same yellowed fingers holding yet another joint, she gestures, talking. I don't like the smoking, I don't like the drugs. She's so much younger than me. I listen to her words as I watch her body slide under her clothes. I think she's wrong about literature. I try to tell her so, but half my mind is on the fact that I like her, in spite of everything. I end up sounding eloquent, but there is nothing behind my words. She's not really listening to what I'm saying anyway. She's watching me talk.

I reach between our bodies, sliding my hand up the slightly slicked flesh of her side, arching my back to let my hand glide across her breast, lightening the touch until my fingertips barely brush her nipple. Her kiss breaks, she breathes—hard, and she kisses me again, her teeth pressing lightly on my tongue. I roll on top of her, without any apparent effort on either part. This is happening, and I want it, but she is still hurt since I dumped her. I don't want to hurt her again.

"I think that we were better as friends. I'm sorry, and I don't love you any less, but I just don't have anything to say to you, and that feels wrong." My face heats, blood rushing to it as if I had been slapped, but she sits there motionless, radiating hurt. She didn't see it coming. She didn't notice that we didn't talk anymore. I look away, and stifle a smile. I don't ever feel guilty. I'm doing the right thing. It shouldn't feel this good. I should be sorry, not elated.

Her shirt's off, and she's sliding her hand up the back of my leg, the fingertips leaving pink marks, invisible in the dark. I clench, and kiss her harder as she grips my ass. Vanity. I shift upward, leaning on my elbow as my hand holds the back of her neck. I massage her neck, and keep kissing, sliding my hand down her stomach. As I touch her I feel the skin of her scalp moisten, and my breathing shudders in sympathy. I ask, my voice shaking, fearing the answer: "Do you want me inside you?" I put my hand on her face, and she nods, a little afraid, though this won't be her first time. Just ours.

We're walking, talking music, through early snow. The smoke from her cigarette keeps getting in my face, even though she holds it away from me. My coat's going to stink. I listen to her ideas, and I disagree with every one. I can listen to her music, but not for her reasons. I love her. Weird.

I roll onto my back as she gets up. We don't speak, afraid to break the spell. We are going to make love, but I don't know if it's a good idea. I don't think she knows either. I try to look at ease, while she looks for a condom. Mine are upstairs, in my bag, and I don't want to get them. I'd move too fast, and the moment would be gone. I want this to happen.

We're in her living room, and I'm on my way out, after staying for a few hours. Her friends have been in and out all night, and we have hardly had a moment by ourselves. I'm scared, but I have to do it now. We're talking, and I'm putting on my coat. I step up to her, put my hand on her face, and kiss her. My stomach is jumping like a live thing, but the kiss seems okay. I take a baby step back, looking into her eyes. "I don't want to put any pressure on you, and this will not change, regardless of how you react, but I love you. Don't worry about it, and you don't have to return it. It's just the truth." Fuck, that was awkward. Still, I feel better for having said it, except that I feel like I'm going to shake apart. I smile, and reach out, putting my hand on her elbow. Surprisingly, it doesn't seem to be shaking. She pulls me in for another kiss, and then she looks me in the eye, a little shy. Déjà vu. "I don't know. I'll call you. Thank you. I've always wondered what it would be like to kiss you." And she kisses me again. I don't know how to feel. I leave, but it's not as cold as I thought it would be.

She's found a condom, and she gets back into bed. I kiss her again, and try to tell my better judgment to shut up. She wants this too. It'll be okay. After a minute I tear open the pack, careful not to tear the condom inside, the instructions on the box leaping into my mind's eye. Photographic memory. I roll the condom on, kissing hard and pressing my thigh between her legs, feeling warm moisture there. Before I shift, she reaches down and grasps my penis, frankly, appraising. Another thing she always wondered about, I guess. She guides me in, carefully, and I push into the warmth. Every time it's like this. I can hardly believe this is happening, this is sex, I am making love to someone, this is for the right reasons, am I doing this right, it's not right to tell my friends about this. The same spool of thoughts this passed through my head the first time, all over again. This thought is the same one that I've had every time since. I kiss her and push one arm under the small of her back, arching her back slightly as I kiss her neck. I push slightly harder, pausing, arching, increasing pressure. I'm a bit outside this. Pay attention. I kiss her cheek, lift my elbow to free my hair, draw her earlobe into my mouth, and let the tempo increase. She pushes back slightly as I push—

—not yet, it's too soon, I think of something else as I breathe heavily on her neck.

We're in class, sitting next to each other, writing notes back and forth, as usual. This isn't as usual, though. We shared a bed for the first time last night. We didn't have sex though, she doesn't want to

rush into it, I think because of what happened last time. I'm supposed to be sensitive, so I agree easily. Holding her in the dark felt good last night, though. I look at my note paper, last class' silent conversation recorded for posterity. I look at the Prof., and look at the paper. I don't know what to write. I've got no news, no new gossip, nothing to say. I play with my pencil, concern creeping in around the edges. I speed up, the sweat slicking my back, the sweat beading on her body. I kiss it from her forehead and listen to her breathing. It's ragged, gasping. I press a little harder, focus, try to ignore her fingers pressing at the base of my spine. She gives a little squeak, almost a whimper, like a hurt child. Her fingers relax, slowly, and I slow down, easing into a less urgent rhythm. Quiet. Not what I expected. I'm not going to come now, the chance went by. I feel a little cheated, but it's better than if I had used her without giving anything back. I hope she won't be hurt. I do love her, but I can't be her boyfriend. It just doesn't work. I kiss her again, gently, trying to be tender as I slip out, and roll off her. We lay for a while, the cold of the room creeping back to consciousness, the sweat drying. Too late, I realize she is lying in the wet spot. And I call myself a gentleman. I don't know what to say to her. I don't think she knows what to say to me. Eventually, her shoulders relax and her breathing slows down. I'm too tense to sleep. I don't know if I did the right thing. I'm glad it happened, but I wonder if I should be.

It's an awkward morning. I want to speak first, but I don't know what to say. At all.

"I'm glad we did that," she says. I had no idea I was so tense until she spoke, and I felt my feet relax.

"Me too. I don't know what it meant, but I still think we're better as friends."

I feel like a total heel, but I don't want to get caught in something that isn't right. She seems relieved, but it could just be wishful thinking.

"You're right. I'm still glad we did it though. I've got to meet my dad in ten minutes, and you have to get to your mom's. Call me when you get back into town."

It seems a bit abrupt, but maybe she's right. I pack up, and dress for the cold. She kisses me, lightly, and we hug. I walk out into the street, squinting, clearing out before her father comes to pick her up. The snow is melting, and I'm thinking. Replying last night, and wondering.

I'm glad we did it too. It was not the best sex I've had, but maybe it means something more. Maybe it means "Thank you," and "I love you," and most importantly, "This is it, this is how we can end it clean." Maybe.

W. N. O'Higgins



"THE DEMONIC PARADOX OF WRITING:
WHEN YOU PUT SOMETHING DOWN THAT HAPPENED,
PEOPLE OFTEN DON'T BELIEVE IT;
WHEREAS YOU CAN MAKE UP ANYTHING, AND
PEOPLE ASSUME IT HAPPENED TO YOU."

ANDREW HOLLERMAN

Lost In Worlds Unknown

poem

They have seen that stare and heard the reasons
For one hand extended with a day delayed
The times we walked in darkened seasons
Where life once lay but is now depleted

Sunny streets transformed to dark alleys
That are occupied by despondent figures
who wait for the world's finale
We pulled back, like a finger to a trigger

Constantly wondering what stands on this course
Beyond the point of the troubled skies
Once a world so happy, but now filled with remorse
So that smiles washed by tears from their eyes

the race can hear their hearts beat as a drum
That recalls rhythm that will multiply
To the unconscious evils they did succumb
And to their faults they will deny

A fantasy and dreams full of illusions
predicted that souls lost alone
Approached life's conclusion
Surrendering with groan

Lack a guide to lead the way
To paradise's open gates
Images appear and a meaning they portray
Of the race's final fate

Their children grew quite wearisome
As they ate and drank their wine
An attempt already made for equilibrium
Nature's balance viewed in the bloodline

Denying the aftermath
While standing much too far aside
They're nothing but an isolated epithaph
For those who died

Frozen in fear of the view
They're all lost, burning within
Open pages of death for you
fatal reading in the Necronomicon

They never bowed to the expressions
of finding their self and finding their dreams
Confused the path of impression
Correct the past, and sew the seams

The whole unknown, feet were marching on
To a time of unknown feelings filled with rage
Upon the pathway, from dust 'til dawn
Behold the past's wreaths are laid

Ryan P. Horvath

Horoscopes

Shiny and Happy



CAPRICORN (DEC. 21 - JAN. 19)

Watch out, goatheads! Your holiday fun will extend into January — hold on to your horns! Lay off the sauce for a while ... if you can see straight, you will realize that that person you've had your eye on wants you ... BAD! But exercise caution, so they will keep panting after you. For those goats that are disappointed about their exam marks; once again, LAY OFF THE SAUCE!

AQUARIUS (JAN. 20 - FEB. 18)

You're off to a great start in 1998; your cosmic energy has been collecting, and it's ready to explode! All you need to do is have fun this month, and success will follow in all of your endeavours. Remember though, you can only have one of those babes that are after you ... don't be too greedy! Start to build up your bank balance again — Christmas cleaned you out of cash!



PISCES (FEB. 19 - MAR. 20)

Your mysterious aura is sending mixed signals to your love interest; try and be straight-forward, or they might misinterpret your intentions. Your new year starts off slow, but that's alright — you need to rest from all that New Year's partying. Take this time to concentrate on work and relationships. If something seems fishy, check it out first, or you may end up disappointed as a result.

ARIES (MAR. 20 - APR. 19)

You have just gone through a hard time, and you have emerged victorious! Now you can start to live life to the fullest again. It's a great time for you to try something new, such as experimenting with your hair. How does a nice shade like chartreuse sound? Consult with your hairdresser before doing something too off-the-wall — you don't want to fail because your professors can't stand looking at you!



TAURUS (APR. 20 - MAY 21)

You will need your strong will this month to get back into the books ... all of your holiday schmoozing has left you bereft of a few brain cells! Don't lose yourself in the stacks at Robarts, though — what kind of a life is that? Your 1998 resolutions are a little far-fetched — do you really think you can be the president and get a degree at U of T? Come on, you are not George Bush (thank God!).

GEMINI (MAY 22 - JUNE 20)

Your two-sided nature is rearing its ugly head, or should we say, heads! Try to get a grip, or you will lose the ones that you care about most. On a lighter note, you will get wined and dined; just make sure that you exercise, because you have been beefing up since the Holidays! Be nice to animals — everyone should be!



These are my best and worst of 97 lists. More to come.

Jenny Ellison

The Best of 1997

(in no particular order)

1. The George Bush Protest at Hart House
2. UC Drama's production of *Henry V* last March
3. Innis College Frosh Week's Blue Team
4. Hayden at the Rivoli for Amnesty International
5. Politically Incorrect with Bill Maher
6. Margaret Hancock, the new warden of Hart House
7. Jane Magazine
8. South Park - the "visitors" episode
9. Ben Harper at Harbourfront
10. Duke



CANCER (JUNE 21 - JULY 22)

Your generous nature has made many people happy these holidays — just be careful that no one is taking advantage of you! Remember, "can't buy me love!" Try to pamper yourself a while: a nice gourmet meal, a day at the spa, a shopping spree, a trip overseas ... oops, you are a starving student! Your brain is running on empty, fill it up with some good ole' fashioned U of T!



LEO (JULY 23 - AUG. 22)

The new year starts off with a bang — too bad you got hit by a cork! Your schmoozing and boozing has left you all pooped out — take advice from Capricorn, and LAY OFF THE SAUCE! While your liver is not functioning as well lately, at least your heart is, you lionheart. Matters of love have never been better! You have been setting the sheets on fire — that is, the sheets of paper that you have been writing your love poetry on!



VIRGO (AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22)

You can't have control of everything ... Lay off, because other people's ideas may benefit you, or at least make you think that your ideas are better! You are all up-to-date on your homework, so relax and have some fun, since you spent most of your holidays poring over the books! Your independence has caught the eye of someone special — woo hoo, finally!



LIBRA (SEPT. 23 - OCT. 22)

You're so romantic, but stop trying to inebriate your love interest — they are hot for you already! But then again, a little champagne never hurt anyone. Yes, Libra does sound like library, so make like a book, and get your arse over to the library! Don't worry, your hard work in school and romance will definitely pay off.

SCORPIO (OCT. 23 - NOV. 22)

Cool down your hot temper — your poisonous tail has been whipping people into a frenzy! Let your passions simmer on low for a while, before they boil over and make an even bigger mess. Use all this heat to cook up some gourmet meals for your starving roommates — they will be forever grateful, and you will be the centre of attention!



SAGITTARIUS (NOV. 23 - DEC. 20)

Slow down — your free spirit is getting ahead of you! Take time to smell the roses, and you may bump into an especially hot rose. Your boundless energy and ambition can be channeled into any outlet — try something new to spice up this normally dry month. No curry or garlic, please, or you might scare your million buddies away.



Scream 2:

Almost as good, but not quite

Cass Enright

Following the trend of the genre it is scarily spoofing, *Scream 2* arrived in theatres December 12, only a few months after the original faded from rep cinemas. *Scream 2* picks up where *Scream* left off, rejoining the lives of the survivors Sidney, Dewey, Randy and Gail. The murders of *Scream* have been chronicled by the character Gail Weathers, and have subsequently been produced into a film, *Stab*. Sidney is now in college, and the murders begin again, inspired by *Stab*. The self-reflexive jokes are evident once again in *Scream 2*, highlighted by the ongoing debate of any sequel that has surpassed the original, and the topic of violent tendencies inspired by film murder. Unfortunately, unlike *Aliens*, *The Godfather Part II* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, all films which characters believe surpass their originals,

Scream 2 does not beat *Scream*.

Scream 2 is basically the same film, which is not necessarily a criticism. Two of the characters attempt to discover the murderer by analyzing trends of horror sequels. TV in-jokes abound in *Scream 2*, including Tori Spelling playing Sidney in *Stab* and a few jabs at *Friends*. It is a fun film, once again fueling the revitalization of slasher films. It is almost incomprehensible plot-wise if you have not seen the first film. There is once again a gratuitously-slaughtered blond in the film, played by vampire slayer Sarah Michelle Gellar. Unfortunately she is less than successful with the evils of *Scream 2*. This film will no doubt be a hit, and the franchise will continue: screenwriter Kevin Williamson is committed to a third script. However, *Scream* is envisioned as a trilogy, not a *Friday the 13th*-style "eight-ology". Congratulations to CINSSU for scoring *Scream 2* for a sneak preview they hosted on December 5th at midnight.

Don't make us fill dead space again with our own ads!

WRITE FOR THE HERALD!



Come to our General Meeting, 5pm on Thurs. January 8 in the Herald office, or pick up an assignment list and drop off submissions on the office door anytime!